

Attack of the Big-Buxomed Bikinied Bimbos

by [Keith Morrison](#)

WARNING!

The following contains language, images, phrases, words, parables, humor, non-humor, alleged humor, syntax and punctuation that some may find offensive. Reader discretion is advised.

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No keyboards or diskettes were mistreated during the making of this story. Well okay, there was this one 3.5" but it had been formatted for an Amiga 1000 and didn't have the second hole and my computer wouldn't recognize it and I didn't have another one handy at the time so I got really ticked and broke it in half but it was an Amiga diskette anyway so, like, who cares?

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Edward giggled in anticipation as he surveyed the mass of wires, tubing and spare parts that made up his pride and joy, the Omnifield Recombinant Genetic Alteration Synthesizer Module. A silly name, true, but there were only a limited number of word combinations that would both have something to do with his invention and simultaneously form the acronym ORGASM.

"Your laugh is wrong, sir."

"Excuse me?" His loyal assistant Alice usually did not interrupt. Usually Alice did not have say anything except "Yes, sir" and "No, sir" and the occasional "Yes, master" in a nasal voice when she watched "Abbott and

Costello Meet Frankenstein" too many times and thought of herself as Igor. He tolerated the quirks in her personality since it was a far better personality she had now than any she had before. All thanks to his previous greatest invention, the Personality Enhancement and Neural Impulse Stimulator.

Alice had been the first test subject fitted with the PENIS implant. Alice had also been the last test subject fitted with a PENIS when it became obvious that there were certain side effects, namely an unnatural fascination with boxing, football, beer, making rude noises with varied parts of the anatomy, belching and making lewd comments at every pretty woman she saw. Edward had even caught her making comments at the centerfold in *Playboy* and when confronted she denied it, saying she only read the articles. He swore that he would not place his PENIS in anyone again. Besides that, she was loyal, obedient and made the most delicious chicken souvlaki he had ever tasted.

"I said, sir, your laugh is wrong. Mad scientists have a more maniacal laugh that comes from the belly and ends up as a high-pitched semi-scream. You giggled, sir."

"I did not giggle."

"Yes, sir, you did."

Edward crossed his arms and stared angrily at his assistant. Alice immediately fell on her knees and kowtowed, sticking her big nose into the concrete floor of the basement lab.

"Please forgive this worthless slave for disagreeing with her master even though he really did giggle like a limp-wristed pooftah."

Edward looked down at her regally and spoke in his deep I-am-holier-than-thou-and-we-both-know-it voice. "You are forgiven, my dear." Then he thought about her apology for a second and had the sneaking suspicion that she was not entirely sincere. He'd have to check her PENIS and make sure it was working correctly.

"Well, that is not here not there. Behold, Alice, the fruits of my genius! The Omnifield Recombinant Genetic Alteration Synthesizer Module! With this, I'll rule the world!"

"Oh yeah, sure, Eddie." The genetically altered lab mouse that Edward had experimented on in his youth was leaning against the bars of his cage which overlooked the lab. An earlier, failed, experimental mouse was in the same cage and kept banging its head against the floor.

"Shut up."

"Every few weeks it's the same thing. 'At last I'll rule the world blah blah blah'. And the next day you're back here working on some stupid invention with a really dumb name just so you can make a sexually suggestive acronym."

"Shut up."

"You know, you'd have a chance if you weren't so sexually obsessed. I know what it's like. Take me. Before I learned to enjoy life there I was, every night, trying to take over the world and I would get so close and then Braniac in here..."

The second mouse looked up and said "Narf?", and then resumed banging his head against the floor.

"...would screw me up."

"I said shut up."

"And the really funny part is that my plans actually had a chance of succeeding. A really remote chance but hey, at least I wasn't trying to turn the world into Marilyn Monroe lookalikes like some mad scientists we know."

"I SAID SHUT UP!" Edward flicked the power switch on the ORGASM and swung the dish around to point at the cage. "Make fun of me will you, you...you...you dirty rat? You will be the first to feel the power of the ORGASM!"

The mouse backed away from the bars. "Now, Edward, let's not be hasty..."

"Eat gene-altering energy, rodent!" The machine made a noise that sounded suspiciously like a fart and then fired a beam of pure pink light out of the dish toward the cage. The mouse tried to jump out of the way but froze in mid-leap as the light suffused around it. When it faded away a female mouse with long hind legs, cute pink ears and a tiny pair of perfect breasts looked around in confusion. She saw the other mouse, now staring at her with an open jaw, and struck a suggestive pose.

"Hey, big boy, want to show a girl a good time?"

"Narf!" They fell on each other and began making like rabbits, which was not entirely possible as they were members of the order Rodentia while rabbits had been removed from that order and given their own.

"Hee hee hee," Edward began and stopped. He saw a reflection of Alice in the machine and she was behind him, waving a limp wrist in the air and prancing around. He spun, angrily but she was calmly examining her nails with an innocent look.

"It works! It works!" He opened his mouth and then looked at Alice.

"Muhahahahaha." she said.

"MUHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!" Edward repeated. She was right. He did sound more like a mad scientist.



He would have liked to have used the ORGASM on Alice but there was no telling what sort of mess would happen when you mixed an ORGASM with a PENIS and she was screwed up enough as it was. In any event he needed an assistant with at least minimal intelligence. And to tell the truth he had grown rather fond of Alice. Even her big nose.

Despite his efforts at miniaturization the ORGASM was still too heavy for him and Alice to lift so he activated his giant robot, Nortlov. The big machine easily picked up the heavy piece of mad scientific weaponry and placed it in the back of an ice cream truck Edward had manufactured. Once Edward had secured the ORGASM he ordered Nortlov to break into its five component pieces. He had no idea why the pieces had to be five different colours or why each piece had to resemble a cat and why they had to be stored in different locations but that seemed to be the only way they would work.

He and Alice changed into the ice cream seller costumes that he had fabricated in his omnimanufacturing plant and took the van on the road. The lab and the mansion on top of it was located some twenty miles from the nearest town and by some amazing act of coincidence had a prison, a parochial school, a military base and a high-tech electronics firm located in a nearly perfect circle with the mansion in the center, which, conveniently enough, were the exact facilities he needed to pull off his plan for world domination.

They headed for the parochial school first. As a testing ground it was perfect; relatively isolated, no defensive capabilities and, most important from Edward's point of view, staffed by nuns. He hated nuns. He still had an instinctive need to flinch when he saw a wooden ruler.

They pulled up to the gate and tooted the horn. A few girls were in the courtyard and ran to the gate when they saw the ice cream van. A very large and mean looking neanderthal of a security guard stepped out of

the gatehouse and rumbled up to the van. Alice stuck her head out and smiled.

"What can I do for you, Bubba?"

"Whatcha want?"

"Well, I was just passing through and thought that perhaps the students at this fine institution might want some of our product."

"I ain't allowed to letcha in without Sister Judith's permission."

"Well tell you what, you big lug of an orator you, why don't you just head on over and give the Sister a call."

The guard frowned (well, more than usual). He was pretty sure Alice had insulted him but he wasn't too sure.

He didn't notice the small doors that opened on top of the van and the small rod that emerged, the tip spreading into a dish that rotated around and pointed at him. Edward operated a small joystick and stared at the monitor, centering the crosshairs on the guard's chest. He began to giggle again but caught himself before Alice noticed.

Moments like this deserved some form of momentous words that would be recorded for posterity. Edward raised his microcassette recorder with his left hand while his right hovered over the trigger.

"Cry havok...no, wrong context. Once more into the breach...no no, still wrong. Eat blazing death? Not right, not right." He drummed his fingertips on the control panel. "Aha! Let there be..."

In his excitement he accidentally hit the trigger and enveloped the guard in pink light. The momentous words recorded for posterity were somewhat muffled but when played on a good sound system bore an uncanny resemblance to "Oh, shit."

The guard seemed to collapse in on himself and reformed into a tall, big breasted woman with long blonde hair, full pouty lips and legs that went to New York and back via the scenic route. Her clothes, unchanged, were draped over her like a tent, except for the blue shirt that was pulled tightly across her chest.

"Ooo," she said and placed her hands on her hips. The six girls who stood at the gate screamed and turned to run when they were struck by the pink beam. In their case the change was much more spectacular and (from Edward's point of view as he recorded it on one of the videocassettes he had brought especially for that reason) much more satisfying. While the guard had reduced in overall size the girls

enlarged, shredding their school uniforms as they grew. Buttons flew like plastic bullets and the white silk blouses hung in tatters over enormous breasts. The skirts that had managed to remain intact were skintight over sensuously rounded butts that topped long legs.

Alice turned to ask Edward for instructions but sighed tiredly. He was massaging himself through his pants and practically panting as he stared at the screen. He always became overexcited halfway through an exercise and became too distracted to finish it. Taking matters into her own hands she leaned out the window.

"Hey, babe, do you want to open the gate?"

The guard giggled mindlessly and walked back to the guardhouse, her butt seeming to want to head off in a completely separate direction as she walked. Alice began to wolf-whistle, having no idea why, until the gate opened and she drove through.



Edward leaned back and sucked in another grape that a blonde offered him. All his new toys were standing around him, waiting on his every whim. He even had the nuns wear what bits of their habits still fit so he could enjoy the view. It was so sacrilegious he was ashamed of himself. A little.

"So, Alice, the first part of my plan has succeeded beyond my wildest dreams." Well, not entirely true as his wildest dreams involved Pamela Anderson Lee, a wading pool and mint pudding but that was another story and this would suffice for the present. The electronics firm and the military base had fallen to his will and the ORGASM just as quickly as the school. The prison was even as he spoke being converted into a fortified headquarters, the former inmates and guards all happily cleaning the place up so his automated construction robots could remodel.

"So, sir, what is part two, if I may so inquire quite humbly?"

"Why of course you may so inquire, dear Alice," Edward mumbled between bites of grape. "I will use the facilities at the electronics plant to build a larger version of the ORGASM and use a missile at the base to place it in orbit. Then, I will control the world!"

"Not to question the sheer brilliance of your plan, sir, but who, exactly, will build it and launch it?"

"The techs at both places of course."

Alice nodded toward two women in military fatigues who were laughing and trying to comprehend the sophisticated workings of a drinking fountain. "Techs such as these, sir?"

Edward frowned. "I see your point. Hmm, perhaps the neural suppression factor *is* a bit high." He freed himself from the tangle of limbs and bodies that surrounded him and stood. "I'll simply make an adjustment to the ORGASM."

Ten minutes later one of the women was surrounded by a pink glow and looked around carefully. Taking a pair of glasses out of a pocket she slipped them on and examined the ORGASM.

"Primitive work," she sniffed. Edward stared in disbelief.

"It is a brilliant piece of work!" he said in protest. She looked down her nose at him and adjusted her glasses.

"As you say," she replied in an I-am-holier-than-thou- and-we-both-know-it tone. Edward looked crestfallen as she continued her examination.

"This whole section needs to be replaced...what moron designed a power unit like that...ridiculous inefficiency..."

Alice clubbed her on the head with a boot. Edward sighed in relief.

"Thank you, loyal Alice. I believe the neural suppression may have been a little *too* low that time."

"You're welcome, sir."

After he activated the ORGASM again Edward tested the woman. She seemed to be about as smart as Alice (which of course was nowhere near as smart as he was) and was safely subservient. Satisfied he quickly adjusted a few more and set them to work on the orbital ORGASM.



We pause this story for an important announcement from the author.

Hi. I'm Keith and I'd just like to take this opportunity to say that this is funny story, like funny ha-ha. Not what- the-hell-is-this funny like *Ulysses*. This is not meant to be taken seriously. If you take it seriously I suggest finding a therapist.

I do not have a fixation on large-breasted women. In fact I can easily turn the channel when I see "Baywatch". I don't have to see scads of large breasted women running down the beach, sunlight glistening off the beads of sweat running across their hard, taut bodies, hair waving

in the breeze, swimsuits stretched tight across bounding mounds of joy as they cavort in the waves and...

(cough)

But, um, I digress. As a point of fact I actually prefer intelligent women who can take care of themselves. In short, I'm nothing like Edward.

I like lemon meringue more than mint pudding.

We return to the story already in progress.



Edward leaned back in the command chair. The monitors on the wall showed views of the larger cities of the world as hordes of large-breasted women overran the positions of police and military units ordered to halt their rampage. It was working so perfectly. A few more demonstrations and he would issue his ultimatum to the world. Life was good.

"You know, Alice, life is good."

"Yes, sir."

"Here I am, capable of conquering the whole world and I give them an opportunity to surrender first, to voluntarily make me their supreme leader."

"Your magnimity knows no bounds."

"I will even allow some males to exist to continue the species. I'll have to modify them of course, but they'll be happy."

"Your goodness is boundless."

"I'll have to work on a few women. Maybe make them better athletes for sports and such, to entertain everyone."

"There is no boundary to the joy you spread."

"I know, I know. I only hope those in power recognize the gift I'm giving. No more war! No more conflict! No more poverty! No more hate!"

"No more free will!" Alice added and then frowned. That didn't sound right.

"Yes, my reign will herald a new peace on Earth, a new start for humanity..." Edward liked waxing poetic. It gave him that sophisticated aura the best mad scientists had. Take Doctor Moreau. Now he had class.

"Sir, there seems to be an aircraft approaching at high speed," one of his soldiers said in a husky voice. Edward turned to face the radar screens and wondered why anyone named a tone of voice after a dog and why that was supposed to be sexy. Was there a chihuahua voice?

"Where is it?"

"Thirty miles and closing at eight thousand, four hundred miles an hour, sir."

Edward turned his eyes skyward. "Hmm. At thirty-six hundred seconds to the hour that would have it arriving here in...ah..."

"Now, sir."

Alice was looking out a window. "I think you should see this, sir."

"What is it?" Edward asked as he walked to the window.

"Well, based on the general shape and lack of identifying marks it appears to be a Big Mac."

"Don't be ridi...well I'll be. It does look like a Big Mac."

"The silvery metallic surface and green glow takes away from it," Alice said critically. She squinted to get a better view. "And those legs sort of give it a non- hamburger appearance."

"Aliens!" Edward said delightedly. He suddenly looked contemplative. "You don't suppose they're hostile do you?"

"I think we're going to find out, sir."

Two squat aliens waddled out of the open portal and down the ramp that extended from the front of the ship. They looked relatively human except for the silver suits that were much too tight. They resembled a pair of Poppin' Fresh clones wrapped in tinfoil. They looked around and saw the soldiers who were surrounding the ship.

"Earth babes!"

"With big knockers! Yeehah!"

One of the aliens touched a medallion on his chest. "Klaatu boradus niktu!"

A reedy voice came out of the communicator. "What?"

The other alien tried. "nuqDaq 'oH puchpa"e"

"What the hell are you guys trying to say?"

"Narn Centauri Minbari?"

"WOULD YOU TWO KNOCK IT OFF!"

"Fine fine fine. Get the capture gear ready. We got humans with big hooters."

There was a pause. "How big?"

"Imagine Dolly Parton and Samantha Fox having a child."

"We'll be right there."

Edward watched the exchange, worried now. This was an unexpected complication in his quest for world domination. Suddenly he had a bright idea. "Prepare the ORGASM! Target that ship!"

The pink glow covered the ship. The two aliens outside, Kwaylude and Valeeum, watched the display in silence.

"You don't suppose they have a weapon that will toast our gaflubbs do you?"

There was an odd giggling noise and a group of tall naked blue women ran out. Kwaylude watched them run into a nearby building.

"I would say that is a distinct possibility."

Valeeum sat on the ground and put his head in his hands. "Why don't these invasions ever work out? We go one place, they got a disease that'll kill us. Another place, they not only have a competent kick-ass leader they take out our command ship with a cable guy armed with a videogame. Somewhere else some other aliens protect them."

"Don't forget that planet with all those metahumans."

"How could I forget? Beaten by a bunch of people in tights. 'Superguy'. What alien invasion gets defeated by some dork named 'Superguy'? There ain't no justice."

"I hear you, brother."

"Gentlemen," Edward said. "Welcome to Earth."

"Whatever," Valeeum said morosely. He ignored the human male who stood triumphantly above them. "What now, human? Going to turn us into females too?"

"Actually I was thinking about using some of your technology. I'll pay you for it."

"No," Kwaylude said firmly. "That would be contrary to Regulation 3-12-11. Providing natives with access to Amfetameen technology is

punishable by death. Nothing you can offer will make us reveal our secrets. Not precious metals or jewels or intoxicating drinks or those little globes filled with water and white plastic or..."

"How about a harem of hundreds of women each?"

"...if you want to begin with the computer system Valeeum is the records officer and we can start taking out the antigravity drive whenever you're ready."



"The mortal is well on his way to world domination."

"No kidding. Boy, nothing escapes those eagle-like eyes."

"Shut up."

"Bite me."

"Athena! Ares! Behave yourselves!"

"She started it."

"I did not!"

"Athena!"

"Athena! Always blaming me. No, it's never Ares's fault, oh no sirree. Atlantis sinks, Athena did it. Someone misplaces the Golden Fleece, yup, has to be Athena."

"Behave yourself, child!"

"Dad, I'm twelve thousand four hundred and sixty-seven years old. I think I'm a little old to be called a...Dad! Ares just stole my temple!"

"Did not."

"Did too! Daaad, get him to stop."

"Ares, stop teasing your sister. Now what have you two been up to while I've been gone...hmmm...would someone like to tell me what that is about?"

"It was Athena's idea."

"No it wasn't!"

"I don't care who thought of it! What is that mortal doing? Oh never mind. I'll look into it myself."

"Heh heh. Boy, are you in trouble now."

"Up yours."

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Attack of the Big-Buxomed Bikinied Bimbos Part II

by [Keith Morrison](#)

[insert John Williams title theme]

It was
a dark time
for planet Earth
The mad scientist, Edward
and his loyal assistant, Alice
were on the verge of World Domination
and had just received advanced technology
from the Amfetameen spacemen Kwaylude and Valeeum.

**MEANWHILE,
THE AMFETAMEEN FLEET
MASSES NEAR THE STAR SIRIUS
AND IS INTENT ON RECOVERING ITS
MISSING TECHNOLOGY**
[end John Williams title theme]

Amfetameen Attacks!

Her name was Aseetominofen and she was Fleet Admiral of the 5th Imperial Amfetameen Matriarchical Military Fleet. By reputation she was the most efficient, the meanest, the most merciless and simply the best poker player in the Empire and so Empress Areethromysin, assuming that meant she had some tactical ability, promoted her to her current rank. Fortunetly for Areethromysin the admiral actually was a brilliant and aggressive military genius. She also had a notoriously bad temper. The story of how she had beaten her rival, Admiral Ro-Gayne, into a bloody pulp using only her bare hands and a chimney broom was

well known in the fleet and the subject of much discussion. No one had any idea where a chimney broom had come from on a starship.

Aseetominofen sat in her command chair examining her nails as the six Sub-Admirals stood stiffly at attention, fearful of bring down their commander's wrath upon themselves.

"Now, I know you all are close friends who would never consider betraying one another and I would not dream of asking you to do so. Knowing this, I'll ask you all to explain how some males managed to mutiny and steal a scoutship."

"It was Kokayne's fault."

"...she did it..."

"...let the little beggars get away, she did..."

"...and we tried to stop her but she wouldn't listen..."

"...yep, all her fault..."

The Fleet Admiral turned and stared at the aforementioned and terrified out of her blue skin Kokayne. The Sub-Admiral seemed to wilt under the gaze and swallowed.

"Kokayne, I expect you to recover that ship immediately."

"Yes Fleet Admiral."



Kokayne flew her private shuttle back to her battlegroup's command ship, the cruiser *Missionary Position*. The small group comprised the cruiser and five destroyers and was supposed to be scouting for the main force.

Despite the situation she had to admire her small fleet as she approached *Missionary Position*. The large, round cruiser was impressively large, topped by the small bulge of the main bridge. The destroyers orbited around the larger ship and shared the same general outline. None of that phallic symbolism some of the other Sub-Admirals had in their ships, Kokayne thought with pride. Let every other intelligent space-faring race in the galaxy think that the Amfetameen avoidance of long, thin objects was an amusing parochial hang-up. Sure it had taken them eight times as long to get into space because they refused to build cylindrical rockets and even longer to get something that could fly fast. So what if the best shape for atmospheric flight as determined by the laws of physics was long and round and had stuff

shooting out of one end? The Amfetameen Matriarchy could not let facts get in the way of its holy crusade to rid the galaxy of the male dominance that had suppressed the female Spirit of the Universe for so long.

Of course, since the Amfetameen did not use guns (long cylindrical objects that shot stuff out of the end) they had a difficult time convincing other species to surrender and adopt their ways. Yet they had, Kokayne included, hardened themselves against the hysterical laughter that greeted their demands for surrender.

Commander Minoxodell had waited three minutes inside the airlock for her superior to return and might have actually been there when she arrived had she remembered that the airlock was depressurized prior to docking. She was recovering nicely in sickbay. Subcommander Kayopektate stood in her place (beside the airlock; Amfetameen warriors are quick learners) and greeted the Sub-Admiral.

"We have located the mutineers, Sub-Admiral."

"Where?"

"A planet approximately 9 light-years from here, Earth."

Kokayne looked thoughtful. "That name sounds familiar."

"Class 3 civilization, male dominant."

"Aha! We can accomplish two missions at once and I can regain my standing in front of the Fleet Admiral. Prepare the group for hyperspatialsuperluminaryfasterthan- light speed. We leave at once!"



Edward tried the controls of the hover-tank and crashed it into a warehouse. Kwaylude slapped his palm against his forehead and groaned while Valeeum looked on.

"He sucks," Valeeum concluded.

He received a cuff on the back of the head. "That is my master you're talking about," Alice scolded. Then she dove out of the way as the hover-tank skidded across the yard and buried its nose into another building. Brushing herself off she watched the tank rock back and forth, scraping and pulling more brick down on itself.

"But you're right, he does suck."

She ran off to offer assistance to Edward leaving Kwaylude and Valeeum alone.

"I can't believe we're depending on *him* to save us from Aseetominofen."

"What can we do? He's got that weapon. We try something, wham! it's d-cup city for us. Our best bet is to help him win."

"Hmmm. All those women serving **us** for a change. I'd get Aseetominofen to give me a massage. Boy, would that relieve headaches!"

"I'd enjoy banging Sub-Admiral Morfeen myself. You know, they say that once you start having her, you just can't stop."

After several hours, three demolished buildings and five overturned vehicles Edward seemed to get the hang of moving in a straight line. He announced that he was pleased in his pretend-you-actually-appreciate-what-someone-else-did voice and returned to the control room to supervise the mounting of a portable ORGASM on the tank.

Kwaylude and Valeeum returned to the building that Edward had designated as their quarters. Scores of scantily clad and naked women were eagerly awaiting their arrival. Forgetting their trouble for a moment the two fat aliens plunged into the ocean of soft female flesh that awaited them and dreamed of being masters of the entire galaxy.



Alice decided to take a walk out into the desert. She had no idea why she wanted to take a walk out in the desert but as the unbelievable coincidence that was to occur required her to be taking a walk in the desert, for whatever reason, she did so. She was not one to argue with the will of the Author especially when He was about to give her a larger role. She didn't even know there was a desert nearby.

"Can I be the hero?"

NO.

"Oh come on. With everything you've made me do I deserve a bit of a break."

BE QUIET AND KEEP WALKING.

"Yeah yeah yeah, just like a tyrant. 'Do this', 'Do that', 'Pledge allegiance to a hormone crazed sociopath with delusions of grandeur'. No, never anything that *I* want."

I SAID BE QUIET.

"I don't even *look* like a typical heroine you dream up."

SHUT UP.

"Oh go on, try and deny it. What's your typical female character like? Tall, cut and looks something like Rachel MacLish or Cory Everson with red hair and an IQ of 200. It's too bad Heinlein died. He would've *loved* your female characters."

I'M WARNING YOU...

"Tall, genius Amazons who hop into bed at the drop of a hat. 'Yeah, I just slayed three million monsters, wanna screw?'. Yep, that's the typical line from your female characters."

IF I HEAR ONE MORE WORD...

"At least Eddie Glover doesn't pretend he's telling a story about anything except chicks with big hooters and the guys who turn into them, not like you Mister Let's-Hide-My- Testosterone-Fantasies-Behind-Literary-Pretensions..."

Alice struggled out of the tarpit and stared in dismay at how the animal skin that made up her bikini top and bottom was streaked with the oily residue. Grug, her mate, watched with a stupid expression on his neanderthalic face and grunted in arousal at how she looked with oil streaked across her smooth skin. Suddenly a saber-tooth tiger jumped out from the bush it was hiding behind. From the opposite direction a tyrannosaurus ran at her, both looking at her with jaws open and hunger in their eyes...

"I apologize! I apologize!"

Alice dusted the dust off her clothes and started walking again with a sullen expression on her face, mumbling.

"Stupid Author pushing me around stupid costume moron doesn't know saber-tooth tigers and dinosaurs didn't live at the same time..."

A bright light rose above the mountains to the west and sped across the sky toward Alice. She waited impatiently.

"Another flying hamburger? You haven't eaten yet or something?"

I ALWAYS WANTED TO DO A STORY WITH SILVERFISH. LOTS AND LOTS AND **LOTS** OF SILVERFISH...

"Lousy writer no sense of humor..."

The Amfetameen shuttle landed and Kokayne disembarked, surrounded by her guards. She kicked the dirt disdainfully and crinkled up her nose.

"No wonder no one wants this garbage pit. No plants, no life at all."

"I believe that is because this is a desert, Sub- Admiral."

"I knew that." Kokayne looked around and spotted Alice. "Ho, natives. Let's not try to frighten it."

Kokayne raised her arms in what she hoped was a peaceful gesture (and what everyone else in the known galaxy took as a sign of surrender, given the renowned Amfetameen battle prowess). The native (female, Kokayne noted in relief, therefore of high intelligence by definition) stood her ground.

"We friends," Kokayne said, making an embracing gesture. "We come from stars." She pointed skyward. "Heap long distance far away."

Alice shook her head at how ridiculous the blue- skinned alien woman looked.

"She doesn't understand," one of the guards offered.

"Let's dissect her to see how she works," suggested another.

"That's inhuman!" exclaimed a third.

"We *aren't* human."

"Oh. Right."

Alice coughed. "Ahem. Are you finished?"

"She speaks English! Come to think of it, why in the name of the Great Mother's Menstrual Flow do *we* speak English?"

"Everyone in the galaxy speaks English, you goof. And all the bad guys speak it with a British accent. You never see 'Star Wars'?"

"Um, don't *we* have British accents?"

"Quiet," Kokayne ordered. "Earth person, we sake renegades males, worthless males about this high."

"Are two of them named Kwaylude and Valeeum?"

"Yes!"

"Never heard of them."

"Oh. That's odd. There seems to be an energy signature coming from your head."

"Oh that's my, uh, built in calculator."

"Guards, seize the human!"

Two beefy Amfetameens seized Alice and held her while Kokayne examined her with a scanner.

"A personality control device. Devious. Easy enough to adjust like...so."

"...at the Copa, Copacabana..."

"Change it! Change it!"

Alice shook her head and looked around with a dull glaze in her eyes.

"Huh huh. Blue babes. Huh huh. Cool."

"Well that certainly screwed her up."

"Huh huh. You said screw. Huh huh."

"Might I suggest an adjustment like...so, your Sub- Admiralship?"

"Hunh? What? Hey...I'm me again. I'm not loyal to that disgusting troll! I hate his guts!"

"Tell me, primitive Earth-human, who did this to you?"

"Listen you technicolor bimchette, I am not primitive. And the guy who did this to me is..." A sly look swept over Alice's face. "If I help you catch those two will you help me?"



Kwaylude and Valeeum turned off the remote viewer and mulled over the information they had gathered.

"It was wise you took the precaution of observing the human female Alice."

"It was an obvious thing to do. You know the fixation the Author has on strong female characters. It was inevitable that she would not remain subservient."

"So what do we do now?"

Kwaylude lifted his hand. A key glittered in the dim light.

"The key to the ORGASM control! How did you get it?"

"Earth humans are stupid. Now, shall we go?"



Kokayne assembled her assault team around the prison. The armed Amfetameen troops set up portable laser cannons and mortars with an enthusiasm she had not seen them display in ages. It probably had something to do with facing an outnumbered enemy with inferior

technology and no hope of assistance. That sort of thing did not happen often in the Amfetameen military.

Alice gave them the coordinates to the ORGASM control center and she felt a wave of satisfaction and relief as the fireball erupted in a brilliant pink flash. She pumped her arm and snarled "Yes!"

Edward came running out. "Loyal Alice! What have you done?"

"Eat me, jerkoff. I'm working with the Sub-Admiral here. I'm helping them get their two slug-boys back and then they're going to take over the planet and *I'm* going to help them."

There were screams from somewhere to Alice's right and she saw Amfetameen troops scatter as the hover tank roared into view. Valeeum's head was stuck out the driver's hatch while Kwaylude rode the turret wearing a cowboy hat. A Confederate flag fluttered from an antenna and the deafening chords of "Ride of the Valkyries" shattered the night air. The main cannon rotated around and fired a burst of pink light that enveloped a platoon of warriors. They broke into a fit of giggling and comparing nail polish.

"No!" Alice and Kokayne cried in unison. The big gun began to track toward their position.

"Run away! Run away!"

Edward looked around in confusion and saw his two alien assistants.

"Kwaylude! Valeeum! Over here!"

Kwaylude paused with his hand over the trigger. "You know, it would be sort of rotten to do it."

"More babes," Valeeum reminded him.

"Say bye bye to Mister Happy," Kwaylude called out to Edward and fired the gun. The hovertank turned and went in pursuit of the fleeing Alice and Kokayne.



Aseetominofen frowned at the scene the spysat recorded. Not only had Kokayne failed to recapture the renegades she now appeared to be feeding them some form of native fruit wearing nothing but a few small pieces of cloth.

"Kokaine not only defeated but enslaved. An embarrassment to the Amfetameen Matriarchy." She sighed. "Prepare the invasion fleet."



"You are a jerk."

WHAT DID I DO?

"You set me up!"

SO?

"So? So! You ignorant, obnoxious..."

I FORGET. DO SILVERFISH HAVE SIX OR EIGHT LEGS?

"Ooooooooooooo. I'll get you. I'll get Larry Niven to give me a good story."

UN-HUH. LIKE TEELA BROWN?

"Yeah! Author control. Now *that* was a character trait!"

TEELA BROWN BECAME A LARGE HUMANOID WITH A BEAK, BONY CREST ON THE HEAD, OVERSIZED JOINTS AND A BAD ATTITUDE. OH YEAH, AND HE KILLED HER.

"Well, I'll get someone."

I UNDERSTAND EDDIE GLOVER IS LOOKING FOR CHARACTERS...

"No! Anything but that!"

THEN BEHAVE YOURSELF.

Alice lurked in the bushes and cursed authors of all sorts. Still it was better than being in a Chalker story. She would have been someone's sex slave at least by the end of Part One if he'd been writing.

She needed a plan...

The prison exploded with brilliant blue explosions as Amfetameen assault ships descended on the desert. Alice watched in amazement as female troops overran the position, seized the two aliens, destroyed the ORGASM and vanished into the sky.

"What the hell was that?"

THE END.

"What?! What kind of ending was that?"

ARE YOU COMPLAINING?

"Your damn right I'm complaining! You put me through all that and you don't provide a satisfying ending!"

HMM. YOU MIGHT HAVE A POINT THERE. THAT WASN'T REALLY QUITE RIGHT...

One final explosion lit the night sky and a red fireball arced out of the remains of the prison and landed on top of Alice. She looked down in shock and saw that she was at least six feet tall and had long red hair.

THAT'S BETTER.

"I hate you."

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